

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The TRAGEDY of MACBETH.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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W O R K S

SHAKESPEARE





T I T U S
ANDRONICUS.



VOL. VIII.

A

Dramatis Personæ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

MARCUS,

QUINTUS,

LUCIUS,

MUTIUS,



Sons to Titus Andronicus.

Young **LUCIUS**, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the Tribune, and nephew to Titus Andronicus.

SEMPRONIUS,

ALARBUS,

CHIRON,

DEMETRIUS,



Sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

Captain, from Titus' Camp.

ÆMILIUS, a messenger.

Goths and Romans.

Clown.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

Nurse, with a black-a-moor child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants

SCENE, Rome, and the country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Bassianus and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Saturninus.

NOBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am the first-born son of him that last
Wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, [right,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitionssly for rule and empery!
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome.
 A nobler man, a braver warrior
 Lives not this day within our city-walls.
 He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barb'rous Goths,
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yolk'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field: ———
 And now at last, laden with Honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all; [right,
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause:
 Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kind to thee.
 Open the gates and let me in.

SC. 2. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Baf. Tribunes!—And me, a poor competitor.
[They go up into the senate-house.]

S C E N E II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way. The good Andronicus,
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honour and with fortune is return'd,
 From whence he circumscribed with his sword,
 And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius
 and Marcus; after them two men bearing a coffin
 cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius.
 After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora
 the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron and Deme-
 trius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; Soldiers,
 and other Attendants. They set down the coffin,
 and Titus speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
 Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
 Returns with precious lading to the bay
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus with laurel boughs
 To re-salute his country with his tears;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
 —Thou great Defender * of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that King Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
 Those that survive let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial among their ancestors.
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword:
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,

* Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. *Johnson.*

Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

—There greet in silence, as the dead are wont;
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars.

—O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives;
The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren; gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son;
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, Madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.

Sc. 3. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius,
with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel and irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same Gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant* in her tent,
May favour Tamora the Queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was Queen,
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopt,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire;
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud warums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal night.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long.

* Polymnestor, whose eyes were pulled out, and sons murdered by Hecuba in revenge for his having treacherously slain her son Polydore. *Eurip. in Hec.*

My noble lord and father, live in fame!
 Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
 I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
 And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy,
 Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
 Obless me here with thy victorious hand,
 Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The cordial of mine age to glad mine heart!
 Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
 And Fame's eternal date, for Virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful
 wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame;
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords;
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
 And triumphs over chance in Honour's bed.
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee, by me their Tribune and their trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue,
 And name thee in election for the empire
 With these our late-deceased Emperor's sons;
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chose with proclamations to-day,
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country.
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world.
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?——

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.——

Sat. Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.

Andronicus, 'would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee.——

Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our Emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great Emperor;
And say,—*Long live our Emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish, 'till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;

And for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name, and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my Empress,
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and, in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace;
 And here in sight of Rome, to Saturninus
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial Lord.
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record; and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Em-
 peror; [To Tamora.
 To him that for your honour and your state
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
 That I would chuse, were I to chuse anew.
 —Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
 Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of
 cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome;
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes. Madam, who comforts you
 Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord; sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go.
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
 Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trumpet and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
 mine. [Seizing Lavinia.

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my Lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This Prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Luicus live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emperor's
Treason, my Lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd. [guard?

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.]

S C E N E IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My Lord, you pass not here——

Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome? *[Titus kills Mutius.]*

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Luc. My Lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no, the Emperor needs her not;
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways. Go give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,

That, like the stately Phebe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome;
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I chuse thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Emperess of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,
(Sith priests and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands,)

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of Heav'n to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Pantheon; Lords, accompany

Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
—Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. Oh, Titus, see, oh, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no. No son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus's sons speak.*

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spoke that
word?

[*Titus's son speaks.*

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but
here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, ev'n thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wound.
My foes I do repute you every one; [ed.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
 That died in honour, and Lavinia's cause.
 Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
 The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
 That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son
 Did graciously plead for his funerals.
 Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
 Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
 To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome.
 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[They put him in the tomb.]

Luc. There ly thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
 thy friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[They all kneel, and say,

—No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
 He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My Lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
 How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
 Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is;
 If by device or no, the Heav'ns can tell.
 Is she not then beholden to the man
 That brought her for this high good turn so far?
 Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron
 and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one
 door. At the other door, Bassianus and Lavinia,
 with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have plaid your prize;
 God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my Lord; I say no more,
 Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
 Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own,
 My true betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;
 Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very short with us;
 But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may,
 Answer I must, and shall do with my life:
 Only this much I give your Grace to know;
 By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
 This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
 That in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
 To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
 That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
 A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me;
 Rome and the righteous Heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever Tamora
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam! be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my Lord; the Gods of Rome fore-
 I should be author to dishonour you! [send]

But, on mine honour dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;

Whose fury, not disssembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him,

Lose not so noble a friend on vain supposal,

Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.

My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest then the people and patricians too,

Upon a just survey take Titus part,

And so supplant us for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,

} *Aside:*

Yield at intreats: and then let me alone;
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And raze their faction and their family,
 The cruel father and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
 And make them know what 'tis to let a
 Queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
 vain.——

} *Aside.*

Come, come, sweet Emperor,—come, Andronicus—
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty and her. My Lord,
 These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily:
 And must advise the Emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus,
 And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
 For you, Prince Bassianus, I have past
 My word and promise to the Emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.
 And fear not, Lords; and you, Lavinia,
 By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to Heaven and to his
 Highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
 Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be
 friends.

The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
 I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
 And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
 I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
 Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
 I found a friend; and, sure as death, I swore

I would not part a batchelor from the priest.
Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends;
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow an it please your Majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your Grace *Bon-*
jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron.

NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glist'ring coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora. —
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph
long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis; — this Queen,
This Syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,

18 TITUS ANDRONICUS. ACT II.

And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

S C E N E II.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves;
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, altho' our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desp'rate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, Lords?

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not, for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome,
For shame, put up——

Chi. Nor I, 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—

Foul-spoken coward! thou thundrest with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.——

Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, Lords—and think you not how dangerous.

It is to jet upon a Prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young Lords, beware—and should the Empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice;

Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,

T'atchieve her whom I love,

Aar. To atchieve her—how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch, or so,
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye—and are you such fools,
To square for this? would it offend you, then?
That both should speed!

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love;
A speedier course than ling'ring languishment:
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest-walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy;
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears;
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns.

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from Heaven's eye;
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Sc. 3. TITUS ANDRONICUS. 23

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per manes vehor.— [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III *.

Changes to a Forest.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's person carefully.
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of hounds and wind horns in a peal:
then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty.
—Madam, to you as many and as good.

I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my Lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say no:

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [To Tamora.]

Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,

* The division of the play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. *Johnson.*

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I V.

Changes to a desert Part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had
To bury so much gold under a tree, [none,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy.

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest *.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The snake lyes rolled in the chearful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit;
And whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise;
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering Prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,

* This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they
who are to come at this gold of the Empress, are to suf-
fer by it. *Johnson.*

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave ;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our pastimes done), possess a golden slumber ;
Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unrowl
To do some fatal execution ?

No, Madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand ;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heav'n than rests in thee ;
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted scrowl.
Now question me no more, we are espied :
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empress : Bassianus comes ;
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here ? Rome's royal Em-
press,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps,

Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon's, and the hounds
Should drive * upon thy new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Baf. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train ?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sauciness. — I pray you, let us hence.
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baf. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long.

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious mother,

Why does your Highness look so pale and wan ?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place ;
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,

* Should thrive, &c. *Revised.*

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here,
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death :
 And then they call'd me foul adulterers,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life ;
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. I come, Semiramis ;—nay, barbarous Tamora !

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her ;
 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :

This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope she braves your might-
 nesses ;

And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live us both, to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure.

Come, Mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora, thou bear'st a woman's face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak. Away with her.

Lav. Sweet Lords, entreat her hear me but a word—

Dem. Listen, fair Madam. Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach
the dam?

O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou intreat her shew a woman pity. [*To Chi.*]

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch the lark:

Yet have I heard, oh, could I find it now!

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

Oh, be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her.

Lav. Oh, let me teach thee. For my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Ev'n for his sake am I now pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

Therefore away with her, use her as you will;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. *laying hold on Tamora.*] O Tamora, be
call'd a gentle Queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place;

For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? Fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell;
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? ah, beastly creature!

The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth—bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons. See that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

'Till all th' Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull devour. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? what subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. aside.] Now will I fetch the King to find
them here;

That he thereby may have a likely guess

How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*]

S C E N E VII.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lyes embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring *, that lightens all the hole;
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged intrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

* There is supposed to be a gem called a *carbuncle*, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr Boyle believes the reality of its existence. *Johnson.*

SE. 8. TITUS ANDRONICUS. 29

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out,

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

—I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along. With me.—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into 't.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora with Attendants; Andronicus and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lyes murdered,

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturninus a letter.]

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Oh, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsmen out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.
[Siewing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. *[To Tit.]*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them 'bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wond'rous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! You see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my Lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow,
They shall be ready at your Highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

II. Sc. 9. TITUS ANDRONICUS. 31

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them. See thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain :
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King ;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi.*]

S C E N E X.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this? my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word ; where is your husband?

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

32 TITUS ANDRONICUS. ACT II.

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have fought to
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness
As half thy love! why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee;
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encountred with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?

O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stop'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

Oh, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

He would not then have touch'd them for his life:

Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony

Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye.

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:

Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Titus.

HEAR me, grave fathers; noble Tribunes, stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Andron. lyeth down, and the Judges pass by him.]
For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears;
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite.
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,

[Exeunt.]

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.

O, reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;

34 TITUS ANDRONICUS. ACT III.

The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you—

Luc. My gracious Lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers;
Tygers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handleless in thy father's sight *?

What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,

And they have nurs'd this woe in feeding life,

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have serv'd me to effectless use;

Now all the service I require of them,

Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,

For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet various notes, enchanting ev'ry ear!

Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer

That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her

Hath hurt me more than he had kill'd me dead;

For now I stand as one upon a rock,

Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;

Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;

And here my brother, weeping at my woes:

But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

* We should read, *spight*. Warburton.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have maddened me. What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lovely body so?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her:
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd like meadows not yet dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? Let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! Brother, well I wot
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine;
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark; I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss.

S C E N E III.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King; he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart I'll send the Emperor my hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, [Rome,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle *?
Oh, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along;
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By Heaven it shall not go.

* *The enemies' casque. Theobald.*

38 TITUS ANDRONICUS. ACT III.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both.
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be is dis-
Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand. [*patch'd.*]
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price,
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads I mean.—Oh, how this villainy [*Aside.*]
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call. What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To Lavinia.*]

III. Sc. 4. TITUS ANDRONICUS. 39

Do then, dear heart, for Heav'n shall hear our prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then unto limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea, hark how her sighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth;
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back.
Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
 That ever Death should let Life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest than to breathe!

[Lavinia kisses him.]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery! die, Andronicus;
 Thou dost not slumber; see thy two sons' heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
 Thy other banish'd son with this dire sight
 Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother I,
 Even like a stony image cold and numb.
 Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs;
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of your most wretched eyes!
 Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!——

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with
 this hour.

Tit. Why! I have not another tear to shed.
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon these watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears:
 Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me I shall never come to bliss,
 'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do——
 You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made;—come, brother, take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I bear;
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
 teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay;
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;

St. 5. TITUS ANDRONICUS. 41

And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome;
Farewell, proud Rome; 'till Lucius comes again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his Empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit* Lucius.]

S C E N E VI.

An Apartment in Titus's House.

A BANQUET.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius,
a boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit; and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathed knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down——
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[*To* Lavinia.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still ;
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fy, brother, fy, teach her not thus to lay
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee doat already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I ;
 What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
 O handle not the theme ; no talk of hands,—
 Lest we remember still that we have none.
 Fy, fy, how frantically I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands ?
 Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
 Here is no drink : hark, Marcus, what she says,
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs :
 She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
 Speechless complaint !—O, I will learn thy thought ;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
 And by still * practice learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments ;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

* By constant or continual practice. *Johnson.*

SC. 6. TITUS ANDRONICUS. 43

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart:
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny!

A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother; get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings * in the air?

Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry;
And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the Empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Yet still, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me;
I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Lamenting dolings, or dronings. Theobald.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's House.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy.

HELP, grandfire, help. My aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why. Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes. Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee; boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did,

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, Lucius; somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee; Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess; Unless some fit or phrenzy do possess her; For I have heard my grandfire say full oft, Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have heard that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear:

Although, my Lord, I know my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth; Which made me down to throw my books, and fly, Causeless, perhaps; but pardon me, sweet aunt;

And, Madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read and better skill'd;
Come and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was.
Or else to heav'n she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her. What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!——

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt;
O had we never, never hunted there!
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,

What Roman Lord it was durst do the deed;
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece ; brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My Lord, look here ; look here, Lavinia.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.]

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift !
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at least,
What God will have discover'd for revenge ;
Heav'n guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth !

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]

Tit. Oh, do you read, my Lord, what she hath writ ?

Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed ?

Tit. Magne Dominator Poli,

Tam lentus audis scelera ! tam lentus vides !

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle Lord ; although I know

There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My Lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And swear with me, as, with the woeful peer
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware
The dam will wake ; and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,

And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of brags,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow these fands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an' if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court,
Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. Oh Heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge;
Revenge the Heavens* for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Palace.

*Enter Aaron, Chiron and Demetrius at one door;
and at another door young Lucius and another, with
a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;

* It should be, *Revenge, ye Heav'ns!* Johnson.

48 TITUS ANDRONICUS. ACT IV.

He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may, I greet your Honours from Andronicus, And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)

For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you, My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me The goodliest weapons of his armoury, To gratify your honourable youth, The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say: And so I do, and with his gifts present Your Lordships, that whenever you have need, You may be armed and appointed well. And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here? a scrawl, and written round about?

Let's see.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well: I read it in the Grammar long ago.

Aar. Av, just;—a verse in Horace—right, you have it—

Now what a thing it is to be an ass.

Here's no fond jest: th' old man hath found their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:

But were our witty Empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:

But let her rest in her unrest a while.

And now, young Lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good before the palace-gate

To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good to see so great a Lord

Aside.

Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames

At such a bay, by turns to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
over.

[*Aside.* Flourish.]

Dem. Why do the Emp'r's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike for joy the Emp'r hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

S C E N E III.

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, Lords:

O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well. More or less, or ne'er a whit at all.

Here Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone:

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from Heaven's eye,

Our Empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.

She is deliver'd, Lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest!

What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal;

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I've done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.

Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the God of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,

Ye white-lim'd walls, ye ale-house painted signs,

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it seems to bear another hue*:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the Empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour and the picture of my youth.

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

* We may better read,

In that it scorns to bear another hue. Johnson.

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe;
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fy, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer;

Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, Lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light;

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice.

Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you.

Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave Lords. When we all join
in league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lionsess,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Emperess, the midwife, and yourself—

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:

Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said—

[He kills her.]

Week,—week!—So cries a pig, prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy :
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongu'd babling gossip ? no, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent :
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him *, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'ror's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my Lords, ye see I have given her phy-
sick ; [Pointing to the Nurse.
And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies rattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. *[Exeunt.]*

Aur. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that put us to our shifts;
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave: and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

* *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamblers, to act collusively *Johns.*

And mighty Dukes pack knaves for half a crown. Pope.

S C E N E IV.

A Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows, with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery.

Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astræe reliquit—be you remembred, Marcus—

She's gone, she's fled—Sirs, take you to our tools.
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply you may find her in the
sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land——

No, Publius and Sempronius, you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you deliver this petition;

Tell him it is for justice and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.

Ah Rome!—Well, well, I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.

Go, get you gone; and, pray, be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;

This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh Publius, is not this a heavy case,

To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night t' attend him carefully,

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy:

Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord; but Pluto sends you
word,

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is now employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heav'n, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays;
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels:
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to th' very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs †, more than our backs
can bear.

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heav'n, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you—here, *ad Apollinem*.—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;

Here, boy, to Pallas—here, to Mercury—
To Saturn, and to Coelus—not to Saturnine—
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy; Marcus—loose when I bid:
O' my word I have written to effect,
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court.

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

[*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh, well said, Lucius:
Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

† To *wring* a horse is, to press or strain his back.

Johnson.

Mar. My Lord, I am a * mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my Lord ; when Pub-
lius shot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them but the Emp'ress' villain ?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not
chuse

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your Lord-
ship joy !

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pidgeons.

News, news from heav'n ; Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Who ? the gibbet-maker ? he says that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must not
be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, Sir, I know not Jupiter ;
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clo. Ay, of my pidgeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n ?

Clo. From heav'n ? alas, Sir, I never came there.
God forbid I should be so bold to pres into heav'n
in my young days. Why, I am going with my
pidgeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter
of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Imperial's
men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve
for your oration ; and let him deliver the pidgeons
to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the
Emperor with a grace ?

* My Lord, I ayme a mile, &c. Folios of 1623 and 1632-

Clo. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say a grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the Emperor. By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold——mean while here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, Sir. Let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration, For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant; And when thou hast given it the Emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Palace.

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, Lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An Emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However the disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks?
His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
Sweet scrowls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, most lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his
heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to glose with all: [*Aside.*]
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then all is safe, the anchor's in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistresship be Imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and St. Stephen give you good even:

I have brought you a letter and a couple of pidgeons here. [*The Emperor reads the letter.*]

58 TITUS ANDRONICUS. ACT IV.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [Exit.]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne? as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man,

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my Lords; Rome never had
more cause;

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under the conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,

Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head,

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'Tis he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often over-heard them say,

When I have walked like a private man,

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully;

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their Em-
peror.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city
strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.

Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Ev'n so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know thou, Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep*:
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora intreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our ambassador; [*To Æmilius.*
Say that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Honey-stalks* are clover flowers which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die. *Johnson.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Lucius.

Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omnes. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

SCENE II.

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam.

" Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
 " Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 " Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor;
 " But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 " They never do beget a coal-black calf.
 " Peace, villain, peace! (ev'n thus he rates the
 babe)

" For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
 " Who, when he knows thou art the Empress's babe,
 " Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress's eye;
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? what! deaf? no, not a word?
 A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire, for ever being good.
 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder,

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
 And bear it from me to the Empress:
 If thou do this, I'll shew thee wond'rous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou
 speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
 Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
 For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd ;
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall ; and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no God :

That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not ;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called *conscience*,
With twenty Popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath ; (for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God, [*Aside.*
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him ;)—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Ev'n by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the Em-
press.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain ! call'st thou that
trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut and trim'd ;
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing
of't.

Luc. Oh, barb'rous beastly villains like thyself !

Aar. Indeed I was the tutor to instruct them.
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head * : ———
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
 Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay ;
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd ;
 Confed'rate with the Queen and her two sons.
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't !
 I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand ;
 And when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When for his hand he had his two sons' heads !
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
 And when I told the Empress of this sport,
 She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! can'st thou say all this, and never
 blush !

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot ;

* An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. *Johnson.*

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,
 "Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things;
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. —

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Goths,
 The Roman Emperor greets you all by me;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in these strange and sad habiliments,
 I will encounter with Andronicus,
 And say I am Revenge, sent from below
 To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,

Knock at the study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and Titus appears above.]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See, here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave nor lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands ;
 Now give some 'urance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globe ;
 Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves ;
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel
 Trot like a servile footman all day long ;
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
 Until his very downfall in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Emperors' sons they
 And you the Emperors! but we worldly men [are,
 Have miserable and mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
 And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
 Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius his son:
 And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or at the least make them his enemies.
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee;
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house;

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too :
How like the Empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
For well I wot the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.

But welcome, as you are : what shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's court
There is a Queen attended by a Moor ;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
I pray thee do on them some violent death ;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads tow'ards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house ;
When he is here, ev'n at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls :

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are;
Tell him, the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. to her sons.] What say you, boys? will you
abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my Lord the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*]

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius and Valentine!

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress's sons,

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fy, Publius, fy! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius and Valentine, lay hands upon them;
Oft have you heard me with for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure.

[Exit Titus.]

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Empreſs' ſons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop cloſe their mouths, let them not ſpeak a word.
Is he ſure bound? Look that ye bind them faſt.

S C E N E V.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a baſon.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.

—Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with
This goodly ſummer with your winter mix'd: [mud,
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt;
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity, [dear
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.

What would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains!—for ſhame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad.

Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffin * will I rear,

* A coffin is the term of art for the cavity of a raiſed pye. *Jahſon.*

And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Procne I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
 Receive the blood ; and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it,
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

[He cuts their throats.]

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst the mother comes.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron
 prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil :
 Let him receive no sustenance ; fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the Emp'r's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings :
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;
 I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
 And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave.

[Exeunt Goths with Aaron.]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. *[Flourish.]*
 The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

S C E N E VI.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's Emperor, and, nephew, break the parley *;

These quarrels must be quietly debated:

The feast is ready which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys.*]

A table brought in. Enter Titus like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord; welcome, dread Queen,

Welcome, ye warlike Goths, welcome, Lucius,

And welcome all. Although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your Highness and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you

My Lord the Emperor, resolve me this; [were.

Was it well done of rash Virginus,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

* That is, begin the parley. *Johnson.*

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
 Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
 And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
 I am as woful as Virginius was, [blind.
 And have a thousand times more cause than he
 To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? Tell who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your High-
 ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain' thine only daughter
 thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
 They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
 And they, 'twas they that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both baked in that pye,
 Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
 Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
 'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs the Empress.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.
 [He stabs Titus.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
 There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
 Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
 Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
 And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
 Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
 [To Lucius.

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy :
 Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome the civil wound.
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
 But floods of tears will drown our oratory,
 And break my very utterance, ev'n in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration.
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother,
 And they it were that ravished our sister ;
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies into the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend ;
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas !—you know I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : oh, pardon me,
 For when no friends are by, men praise them-
 selves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak. Behold this
 Of this was Tamora delivered ; [child,
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 And as he is *, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-
 mans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? shew us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronicus,
 We'll hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our Emperor ; for well I know
 The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Emperor !
 Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.
 Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans : may I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harm, and drive away her woe !
 But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
 For nature puts me to a heavy task :
 Stand all aloof ; but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk ;
 Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kisses for kisses,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.

* *Damn'd as he is.* Theob.

O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers: thy grandfire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my
heart

'Would I were dead, so you did live again——

O Lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping——

My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food;
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastened in the earth.

Aar. O why should wrath be mute, and fury
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers [dumb!
I should repent the evil I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror
And give him burial in his father's grave. [hence,
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be clos'd in our household's monument.
 As for that heinous tygres Tamora,
 No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
 But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey;
 Her life was beast-like and devoid of pity,
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done on Aaron that damn'd Moor,
 From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
 Then, afterwards we'll order well the state,
 That like events may ne'er it ruin.

Exeunt omnes.*

* All the editors and critics agree with Mr Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by B. Johnson, that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing. *Johnson.*

The internal evidence against this play is much stronger [than any proof drawn from the time of its first appearance]. The fable is at the same time shocking and puerile, without the least appearance of art or conduct. The characters are unnatural and undistinguishable, or rather absolutely none, whereas those of Shakespeare are always strongly marked beyond those of any other poet that ever lived. The sentiments are poor and trivial; the style flat and uniform, utterly destitute of that strength and variety of expression which, with a certain obscurity sometimes attending it, are the distinguishing characters of Shakespeare. There are however, scattered here and there, many strokes something resembling his peculiar manner, though not his best manner, which, as they could not be imitated from him, would incline one to believe this might possibly be his most juvenile performance, written and acted before his poetical genius had had time to unfold and form itself. *Revised.*



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.



Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } Sons to the King.

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } Generals of the King's army.

LENOX, }
MACDUFF, }
ROSSE, } Noblemen of Scotland.
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, General of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

Doctor.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act lyes in England, through
the rest of the play in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's
castle.

M A C B E T H.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.
1 Witch. Where the place?
2 Witch. Upon the heath.

* In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies: but the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.—

Upon this general infatuation [of his age], Shakespeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed, with great exactness, such histories as were then thought true. Nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. *Johnson.*

3 *Witch.* There I go to meet Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, I come, Grimalkin,——

2 *Witch.* Padocke calls——anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through 'the fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Palace at Forris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Capt. Doubtful long it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art. The merciless Macdonal,
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him), from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses † was supplied;
And Fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak;
For brave Macbeth, well he deserves that name,
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the slave;
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,
'Till he unseem'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

† Kernes and Gallow-glasses were light and heavy armed foot. *Warburton.* This explanation requires that we should read, "With Kernes," &c.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Capt. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomforts well'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark;
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

King. Disinay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Capt. Yes,
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell——

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.——

King. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They imack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look that seems to speak things strange*.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict.
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons †,

* i. e. that seems as if he would speak. *Warburton.*

† i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shewed he
was his equal. *Ibid.*

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. Now Sweno, Norway's King, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes-kiln isle,
Ten thousand dollars to our gen'ral use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom-int'rest. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give
me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tyger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other.
And the very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' th' shipman's card.——
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid *;
Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine!
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

S C E N E I V.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers, and
other Attendants.*

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forris?—What are
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, [these,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane
of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, Thane
of Cawdor!

* i. e. as one under a curse, an *interdiction*. Theob.

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical *, or that indeed

[*To the Witches.*

Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's † death, I know I'm Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge
you.

[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind.——

'Would they had staid!

* *i. e.* mere illusions of the fancy. *Revisal.*

† The father of Macbeth. *Pope.*

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self same tune and words. Who's here?

S C E N E V.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine, or his. Silence'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post on post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;

V O L. VIII.

H

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! [*Aside.*
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[*To Angus.*
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,

[*To Banquo.*
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [*To Ross and Angus.*

Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aside.*
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen.—

[*To Ross and Angus.*
This supernatural soliciting*

Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not †.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

* *Soliciting for incitement.* Johnson.

† All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind; and nothing is present to me, but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. *Johnson.*

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me, [Aside.
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may, [Aside.
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour. My dull brain was
wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn

[To Ross and Angus.
The leaf to read them.—Let us tow'rd the King;
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

[To Banquo.
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor yet?
Or not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it. He dy'd
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,

To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin !

The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou 'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! Only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and ser-
vants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing,

Safe tow'rd your love and honour *.

King. Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so. Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland ; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—— Hence to Inverness,

* It is possible the poet might have written,
Serves tow'rd your love and honour. *Revised.*

And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour which is not us'd for you.

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland! — That is
a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap; [*Aside.*
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman; [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle,
at Inverness.*

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of success; and I
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more
in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in
desire to question them further, they made themselves
air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in
the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who
all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title,
before, these weyward sisters saluted me, and refer-
red me to the coming on of time, with Hail, King that
shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee,
my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st
not lose the dues of rejoicing; by being ignorant of
what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor — and shalt be

What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature ;
 It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great,
 Art not without ambition ; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
 highly,
 That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win ; thou'dst have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round
 Which fate, and metaphysical * aid, doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings ?

Mess. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true ; our Thane is
 coming :

One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending.

He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,

[Exit Mess.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
 That tend on mortal † thoughts, unsex me here ;
 And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
 Of direct cruelty ; make thick my blood,
 Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,

* *Metaphysical for supernatural.* Warburton.—For
seem, the sense evidently directs us to read seek. Johnf.

† i. e. deadly.

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace * between
Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Where-ever, in your sightless substances,
You wait on nature's mischief.—Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunnest smock of hell,
That my keen-knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold! hold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never

Shall sun that morrow see!——

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:

To alter favour, ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

* The sense is, That no compunctious visitings of nature may prevail upon me to give place in my mind to peaceful thoughts, or to rest one moment in quiet from this hour of my purpose to its full completion in the effect. *Revisal.*

S C E N E VIII.

Before Macbeth's Castle-gate.

Hautboys and torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting mariler, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble;
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you should bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To's home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in count,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,

Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces toward him.

—By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.

Hautboys, torches. Enter divers Servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly; if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success*; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all—*Here.*
But *here*, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor; this even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd again
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only

* I think the reasoning requires that we should read,
With its success, surcease.— *Johnson.*

Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on th' other——

S C E N E X.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almost supp'd; why have you left
the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sort of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloses,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward * in thine own esteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage †.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then
That made you break this interprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both;

* I should read,
Or live a coward, &c. *Johnson.*

† The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares
not wet her foot.*

Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas. Johnson.

They've made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail——

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassal so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbeck * only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell †?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

* That is, shall be only a vessel to emit fumes or vapours. Johnson.

† Quell is murder, manquellers being in the old language the term for which murderers is now used. Johnson.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

Banquo.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful pow'rs!

Restrain in me the curfed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword. Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bed.

He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,

And sent great larges to your officers;

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dream'd last night of the three weyward sisters:

To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,

Would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent *, when
It shall make honour for you. ['tis,

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

S C E N E II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand ? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.——

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,

Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still ;

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep : now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd Murder,

(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch), thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design

* *Consent for will. Warburton.*

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sound and firm-set earth *,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about ;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he
lives— [A bell rings.

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me :
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath
made me bold ;
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire.
Hark ! peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about
it——

The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there ?—what, ho !

Lady. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't—My husband !

Macb. I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a
noise ?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

* Thou sure and firm-set earth. Steevens.

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—who lyes i' th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cry'd *murder*!

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard
them;

But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bleſs us!* and *Amen!* the
other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bleſs us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
Amen?

I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought.
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no
more!*

Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve * of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast——

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *sleep no more*, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep. And therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

* A skein of silk is call'd a *sleeve of silk*, as I learned
from Mr Seward, the ingenious editor of *Beaumont and
Fletcher*. Johnson.

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking! [Starting.
How is it with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine
eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red——

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking

[Knock.

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—Hark, more knocking!

[Knock.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself.

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking. 'Would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking indeed; if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon. - I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do ly so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and

it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and, giving him the lie, lea es him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took my legs some time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service. *[Exit Macd.]*

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time;
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !
Nor tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name
thee——

Macb. and Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece ;

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ?——

Len. Mean you his Majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
fight

With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak ?
See, and then speak yourselves. Awake ! awake !

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarum-bell—murder ! and treason !
Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself—Up, up, and see
The great doom's image—Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits,
To countenance this horror.——

S C E N E V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? Speak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo ! Banquo !

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas !

What, in our house ?——

Ban. Too cruel any where.

Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; Renown and Grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn; and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stop'd; the very source of it is stop'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
don't;

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O!—Yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and
furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser, Reason. Here lay Duncan;
His silver skin laced with his golden blood*,

* It is not improbable that Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors in the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgement, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor.

Johnson.

And his gash'd stabs look like a breach in nature,
For Ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore*. Who could re-
frain

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!—[*Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady;

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence † I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readine'ss,
And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them.

To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland I; our separated fortune

* ——— *Their daggers*

In a manner lay drench'd with gore. *Revisal.*

† That is, I fight against whatever yet undivulged
pretence may be alledged by treasonous malice in justifi-
cation of this horrid crime. *Ibid.*

Shall keep us both the safer : where we are;
There's daggers in men's smiles ; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Outside of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Ross, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this fore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day ;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Ev'n like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tawring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses, a thing most strange
and certain !

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race *,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

* *Theobald* reads, —minions of the race,
very probably, and very poetically.

Rosse. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter Macduff.

—How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend †?

Macd. They were suborn'd.

Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;——
Thrifless ambition! that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis most like the
sovereignty

Will fall upon Macbeth?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,
(adieu,)

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

† To pretend, is here to propose to themselves, to set before
themselves as a motive of action. Johnson.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Banquo.**Banquo.*

THou hast it now. King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
 The weyward women promis'd; and I fear
 Thou plaid'st most foully for't. Yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy posterity;
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
 As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But hush. No more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady
 Macbeth, Lenox, Ross, Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
 Command upon me; to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
 Your good advice, which still hath been both grave
 And prosperous, in this day's council; but
 We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
 I must become a borrower of the night
 For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse. Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord. Our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone; till then; God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth and Lords.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—To be thus, is
nothing; [*Exit Servant.*]

But to be safely thus—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares;

And to that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Anthony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings.
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,
 And champion me to th' utterance †!—Who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there 'till we call.

[Exit Servant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my speeches, know
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune, which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self; this I made good to you
 In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the
 instruments,

Who wrought with them; and all things else that
 might

To half a foul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, *thus did Banquo.*

I Mur. True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? are you so gospell'd,
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,

† A challenge or a combat a l' outrance, to extremity, was a fix'd term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. *Johnson.*

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels,
curs,

Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter; every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Murd.* I am one.

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune †,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,

† We should read,
So weary with disastrous tuggs with fortune. Warb.

Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this
hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time †,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace : always thought
That I require a clearness : and with him,
To leave no rubs or botches in the work,
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight. Abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded.—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.

† i. e. the critical juncture. *Warburton.*

Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all re-
medy

Should be without regard. What's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd * the snake, not kill'd
it——

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to ly

In restless ecstasy †.—Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing

Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, Love; and so, I pray, be you;

Let your remembrance still apply to Banquo.

Present him eminence both with eye and tongue.

Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours

In these so flat'ring streams, and make our faces

Vizors t'our hearts, disguising what they are!—

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

* ——— *Scotch'd.* Theobald. ——— *Vulg.* scorch'd.

† *Ecstasy* for madness. Warburton.

Lady. But in them Nature's copy's * not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come seeling night †,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the
crow

Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pry'thee, go with me. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Park; the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he deli-
Our offices, and what we have to do, [vers
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:

* The copy, the lease, by which they hold their lives
from nature, has its time of termination limited.

† i. e. blinding night. Seeling is a term in falconry.
Johnson.
Warburton.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

[Banquo *within*.] Give us light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th' palace-gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light.

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to night.

1 Mur. Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*

Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, Fleance, fly, fly, fly.
Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [*Dies. Fle. escapes.*

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down; the son
Is fled.

2 Mur. We've lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to a Room of State in the Castle.

*A banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady Rosse,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome*.

- * I believe the true reading is,
*You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first
And last the hearty welcome.*

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest,
may be assured that their visit is well received. *Johns.*

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome. [*They sit.*]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they're welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even. Here I'll sit i' th' midst.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murderer, aside, at the door.*]

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's
good

That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and gen'ral as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?—

Mur. Ay, my good Lord. Safe in a ditch he
With twenty trenched gashes on his head; [*bides,*]
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed;
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear't ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis making;

'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

—Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your Highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,

Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,

Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your High-
To grace us with your royal company? *[ness]*

Macb. The table's full.

[Starting.]

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it. Never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends. My Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep
The fit is momentary, on a thought *[seat:]*

He will again be well. If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion.

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[To Macbeth aside.]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
Which might appal the devil. *[that]*

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; *[Aside.]*

This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee see there!
 Behold! look! lo! how say you?

[*Pointing at the Ghost.*
 Why, what care I? if thou can'st nod, speak too.—
 If charnel-houses and our graves must send
 Those, that we bury, back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fy, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden
 Ere human statute purg'd the general weal; [time,
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
 That when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end; but now they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools. This is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health
 to all!

Then I'll sit down; give me some wine, fill full—
 I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
 And all to all*.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again:*
Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth
 hide thee!

* i. e. all good wishes to all: such as he had named
 above, *love, health and joy.* Warburton.

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare withal.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, so—Being gone,
[*The Ghost vanishes.*]

I am a man again. Pray you sit still.

[*The Lords rise.*]
Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us *, like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe †,
When now I think you can behold such fights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him. At once good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health

* *i. e.* pass over us. *Johnson.*

† *i. e.* You make even my own disposition, which I
am so well acquainted with, a matter of wonder and
astonishment to me, when I see that those horrid fights
which so much affright me, make not the least impres-
sion on you *Revival.*

Attend his Majesty!

Lady. Good night to all. [Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have blood.—They say, blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak; Augurs, that understand relations *, have By mag-pies, and by coughs and rooks brought forth The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his At our great bidding? [person,

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send. There's not a Thane of them, but in his house I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow, Betimes I will unto the weyward sisters; More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know, By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good All causes shall give way; I am in blood Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er. Strange things I have in head that will to hand; Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures †, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-Is the initiate fear that wants hard use. [abuse We're yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

* By *relations* is meant, the relation one thing is supposed to bear to another. Warburton.

† I take the meaning to be, you want sleep, which seasons or gives the relish to all nature. Johnson.

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?
 Saucy and overbold! how did you dare
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth
 In riddles, and affairs of death?
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a weyward son,
 Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now; get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' th' morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny:
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms and every thing beside.
 I am for th' air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal fatal end;
 Great bus'ness must be wrought ere noon.
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
 And that distill'd by magic flights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear;
 And you all know, Security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [*Music and a song.*
 Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within.* Come away, come away, &c.

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
 back again. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

*Changes to a Chamber.**Enter Lenox and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further. Only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve Macbeth? did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
As, an't please Heav'n, he shall not, they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward,
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ;
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, you'll rue the time,
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a care to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*A dark Cave ; in the middle a great Cauldron
burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch.

THrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.

* As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper, in this place, to observe with how much judgment Shakespeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conform'd to common opinions and traditions.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, and throw in the
several ingredients as for the preparation of their
charm.*

Toad, that under the cold stone
Days and nights has, thirty-one,

was tried about half a century before the time of Shakespeare, had a cat named *Rutterkin*, as the spirit of one of those witches was *Grimalkin*; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid *Rutterkin go and fly*; but once when she would have sent *Rutterkin* to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of going or flying, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power; the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakespeare has taken care to inculcate.

*Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.*

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakespeare's witches.

*Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.*

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours; and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft: but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakespeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*; and Dr Harfenet observes, that about that time, "a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the "fullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft."

*Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.*

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessory to witchcraft; for which reason Shakespeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits *Paddocke* or *Toad*, and now takes care to

Swelter'd venom sleeping got ;
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;

put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro inclusus*, a great toad shut in a vial, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium ex probabant* ; charged him, I suppose, with witchcraft.

*Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,——
For a charm, &c.*

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books *de Viribus Animalium*, and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus ; in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

*Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;——*

In the law against witches, enacted in the first of King James, *ch. xii.* they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom K. James examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable that Shakespeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth ; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer ; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

*And now about the cauldron sing——
Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravening salt-sea shark,
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,

And in a former part,

— *weyward sisters, hand in hand,* —

Thus do go about, about,

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again to make up nine!

These two passages I have brought together because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country. "When any one gets a fall, says the informer of Camden, he starts up, and turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers and the fens, from the fairies red, black, white." There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakespeare, describing, amongst other properties, the colours of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakespeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge. *Johnson.*

Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

}

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And ev'ry one shall share i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

}

Music and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks whoever knocks.

S C E N E II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black and midnight
What is't you do? [hags?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure

Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till Destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say if th' hadst rather hear it from our
Or from our masters? [mouths,

Macb. Call 'em. Let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in fow's blood that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low,
Thyself and office destly show. [Thunder.

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware—
Macduff!

Beware the Thane of Fife—dismiss me—enough.
[Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's an-
other,

More potent than the first. [Thunder.

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of
But yet I'll make assurance double sure, [thee?
And take a bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,

That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. [Thunders.

Apparition of a child crown'd, with a tree in his hand, rises.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to Dunfinane's high hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be.
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments!
good!

Rebellious head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall leave the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The cauldron sinks into the ground.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know
Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this.

1 *Witch.* Shew!

[Hautboys.

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[Eight kings appear and pass over in order, and
Banquo the last, with a glass in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo.
Down!

Thy crown dost fear mine eye-balls.—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this!—A fourth?—Start, eye!

What! will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?—

Another yet?—A seventh! I'll see no more—

And yet the eight appears, who bears a glass,

Which shews me many more; and some I see,

That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry *.

Horrible sight! nay, now, I see 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd † Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1 Witch. Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,

And shew the best of our delights:

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round,

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music.*

[*The Witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious hour

Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.

Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weyward sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,

* This was intended as a compliment to K. James I. who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. *Warburton.*

† *Blood-bolter'd* means one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakespeare used it to insinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds. *Ibid.*

And damn'd all those that trust them ! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you
Macduff is fled to England. [word

Macb. Fled to England !

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. aside.] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook, [exploits.
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firflings of my heart shall be
The firflings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
The castle of Macduff I will surprise, [done.
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more fights.—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to Macduff's Castle in Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done to make him fly the
land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none ;

His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ? to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly. He loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch * ; for the poor wren,

* Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. *Johnson.*

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest cousin,

I pray you school yourself; but for your husband,
 He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further;
 But cruel are the times when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves: when we hold rum-
 mour †

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
 But float upon a wild and violent sea
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you;
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool; should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
 I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
 And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, I mean, and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net
 The pit-fall, nor the gin. [nor lime,

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds they are
 not fet for.

My father is not dead for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for
 a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
 market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

† To hold rumour seems to mean here, to interpret
 rumour. *Revisal.*

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet,
With wit enough for thee. [i' faith,

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear
and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for
there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest
men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! But how
wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead you'd weep for him; if you
would not, it were a good sign that I should quick-
ly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I've done no harm. But I remember now

I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I'd done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband!

L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? *[Stabbing him.]*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He's kill'd me, mother.
Run away, pray you.

*[Exit L. Macduff, crying, Murder! Murderers
pursue her.]*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
Weep our sad bosoms empty. *[there]*

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-falln birthdom*. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance;
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but
something

* The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand.

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is;

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would bear the brows of
Yet Grace must look still so. [grace,

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness * left you wife and children,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—Wear thou
thy wrongs—

His title is affear'd †.—Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yolk:
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

* Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel. *Johnson.*

† *Affear'd*, a law term for confirmed. *Pope.*

Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of ev'ry sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness ; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours ; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We've willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house ;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,

Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice

Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust*; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons† to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blasphemie his breed. Thy royal father
Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore
thee,

Ofner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh, fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts

* The passion which lasts no longer than the heat of life, and which goes off in the winter of age. *Warburton.*

† Plenty. *Pope.*

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath fought to win me
 Into his pow'r, and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste : but God above
 Deal between thee and me ! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life. My first false-speaking
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command ;
 Whither, indeed, before thy here approach,
 Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness *
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
 'Tis hard to reconcile. [once,

S C E N E V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
 I pray you ?

Doct. Ay, Sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure ; their malady convinces
 The great assay of art. But at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend. [Exit.

* I am inclined to believe that Shakespeare wrote,
 —and the chance, O goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! — Johnson.

I conceive the sense of the passage is rather this : And
 may the success of that goodness which is about to exert
 itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the ju-
 stice of my quarrel. *Revisal.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the *evil*;

A most miraculous work in this good King,
Which often since my here remain in England
I've seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers. And 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes re-
The means that make us strangers! [move

Ross. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the
air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for whom; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.—

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.—

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's pow'r a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee grief*,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

* A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner.
The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh.
Johnson.

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd, your wife and
babes

Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heav'n!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too!——

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be
found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife
kill'd too!

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? What, all? Oh, hell-kite! all!
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so,

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heav'n look
on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let
grief

Convert to wrath. Blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heav'n!
Cut short all intermission; front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Then Heav'n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the King: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Ante-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this flumby agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo, you! here she comes. This is her very guise,

and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accusom'd action with her to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out, I say—One, two; why then 'tis time to do't——Hell is murky. Fy, my Lord, fy! a soldier, and afraid? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?——Yet who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heav'n knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I

have known those which have walk'd in their sleep,
who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown,
look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's
buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Ev'n so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the
gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your
hand: what's done cannot be undone. To bed,
to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral
deeds

Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infested minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.
My mind she 'as mated*, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to a Field, with a Wood at distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and
Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them, for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man†.

Ang. Near Birnam-wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

* That is, terrified, dismayed. *Revisal.*

† i. e. a religious, an ascetic. *Warburton.*

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not. I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make up our march towards Birnam.

S C E N E III.

The Castle of Dunfinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports. Let them fly
Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunfinane, [all;
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know

All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it,
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
 Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false
 And mingle with the English Epicures. [Thanes,
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
 Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Ser. There are ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence—Seyton!—I'm sick
 at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.
 I have liv'd long enough: my way * of life
 Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but in their stead,
 Curses not loud but deep, mouth honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
 Seyton!—— [not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was re-
 ported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
 Give me my armour. [hack'd:

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

* *My May of life.* Johnson.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round?
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst not thou minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
—Come put my armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch—If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health;
I would applaud thee to the very eccho,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say—
What rhubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence! Hear'st thou of
them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam-forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Birnam-Wood.

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son,
Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every foldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be giv'n*,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious foldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will, with due decision, make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt marching.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Castle of Dunfinane.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drums
and colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls:
The cry is still, *they come*. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them ly,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not 'forc'd with those that should be ours,

* ——— where there is a 'vantage to be gone,
Advantage or '*vantage*, in the time of Shakspeare, signi-
fied opportunity. Johnson.

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise? [*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in't. I have sup'd full of horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word *.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time † ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ! it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing !

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly.

Mess. My gracious Lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

* *Word*, here stands for the notice delivered by it.
The sense is, There would have been a time when this
ill news would have met me much less improperly than
at present, when I am already in a manner overwhelm'd
by such a multitude of other cares and apprehensions. I
should then have been better prepared to support this
affliction. *Revised.*

† *i. e.* destined time. *Johnson.*

N 3.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*]

Meff. Let me endure your wrath if't be not so;
Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.

—I pull in resolution*, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. *Fear not, till Birnam-wood*
Do come to Dunfinane,——and now a wood
Comes towards Dunfinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the state o' th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E VI.

Before Dunfinane.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army
with boughs.

Mal. Now, near enough. Your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle. Brave Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them
all breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

* I pall in resolution. Johnson.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly;
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter
Than any is in hell. [name,

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
More hateful to mine ear. [a title

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, 'abhorred tyrant; with my
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [sword

[*Fight, and young Siward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.——
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, shew thy
face;

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou shouldst be—
By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord. The castle's gently
render'd;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost professes itself yours,

And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words;
My voice is in my sword! thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air*
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm!
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Unrimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man;
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter† with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

* That is, air which cannot be cut. *Johnson.*

† That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. *Id.*

Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam-wood be come to Dunfinane,
 And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff;
 And damn'd be he that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[Exeunt fighting. Alarums.]

S C E N E V I I I.

*Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours,
 Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanet, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
 He only liv'd but till he was but a man,
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But, like a man, he died.

Siw. Then is he dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause
 of sorrow
 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then God's soldier be he!
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death.
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
 They say he parted well, and paid his score.
 So God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold
where stands

Th' usurper's curst head. The time is free;
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail King of Scotland!

All. Hail King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.**

* This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its actions; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakespeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. *Johnson.*



C. MARCIUS

CORIOLANUS.



Dramatis Personæ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble
Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other At-
tendants.

*The SCENE is partly in Rome, and partly in the territories
of the Volscians and Antiates.*

C O R I O L A N U S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with slaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let it be done. Away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear *. The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere

* They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. *Johnson.*

we become rakes; for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end. Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? the other side o' th' city is risen; why stay we prating here? To the Capitol——

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft—who comes here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling this fortnight, what

we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heavens with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman State; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong links asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' th' State, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They
ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and
their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts
for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any
wholesome act established against the rich, and pro-
vide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and
restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they
will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well,
I'll hear it, Sir—yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a tale.
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's
members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it;—

That only, like a gulf, it did remain
 I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
 Like labour with the rest; where th' other instru-
 ments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
 And mutually participate, did minister
 Unto the appetite and affection common
 Of the whole body. The belly answer'd——

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
 Which ne'er came from the lungs *, but even thus—
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
 As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
 To th' discontented members, th' mutinous parts,
 That envied his receipt; even so most fitly †
 As you malign our Senators, for that
 They are not such as you——

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer——what!
 The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
 The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
 With other muniments and petty helps
 In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then?—'Fore me this fellow speaks.
 What then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
 Who is the sink o' th' body——

Men. Well.——what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
 What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
 If you'll bestow a small, of what you have little,
 Patience a-while; you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* Y' are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash, like his accusers; and thus answer'd.

* With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt.

Johnson.

† i. e. exactly. Warburton.

True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body : but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain ;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And tho' that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark
me——

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : for examine
Their counsels, and their cares, digest things rightly ;
Touching the weal o' th' common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think ?
You, the great toe of this assembly !——

2 *Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that, being one o' th' lowest, basest,
poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost :
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage *.——
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;

* I think we may better read, by an easy change,

Thou, rascal, that art worst in blood, to ruin

Lead'st first, to win, &c.

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to
lead thy fellows to ruin, in hope of some advantage.

Johnson.

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle :
The one side must have bale.

S C E N E III.

Enter Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Hail, noble Marcius !

Cor. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Cor. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,
That like not peace nor war ? The one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese ; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him *,
And curse that Justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would encrease his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye——
trust ye !

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate ;
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the
That in the several places of the city [matter,
You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another ?——What's their
seeking ?

* That is, Whose offence hath brought him to con-
dign punishment. *Revisal.*

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they
say,
The city is well stor'd.

Cor. Hang 'em: they say!—
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol; who's like to rise;
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and
give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feeble such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled shoes. They say there's grain
enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Cor. They are dissolv'd. Hang 'em;
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth pro-
verbs;
That *hunger broke stone walls*—that *dogs must eat*—
That *meat was made for mouths*—that *the Gods*
send not

Corn for the rich men only—With these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the heart of generosity*,
And make bold power look pale, they threw their
caps

As they would hang them on th' horns o' th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Cor. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus,

* To give the final blow to the nobles. *Generosity is
high birth.* Johnson.

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—— s'death,
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Cor. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Cor. Here. What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, Sir, the Volscians are in arms.

Cor. I'm glad on't, then we shall have means to
vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders!——

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately
told us.

The Volscians are in arms.

Cor. They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility;

And were I any thing but what I am,

I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Cor. Were half to half the world by th' ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt to make

Only my wars with him. He is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Cor. Sir, it is;

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius,

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to th' Capitol; where, I
know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on.

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Lartius—

1 Sen. Hence! to your homes. Be gone.
[To the Citizens.

Cor. Nay, let them follow.

The Volscians have much corn, take these rats
thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.—

[Exeunt.

Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird *
the gods—

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon,——

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what mis-carries

* To sneer; to gibe. Johnson.

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius: oh, if he
Had borne the business——

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come.
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity *, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

I Sen. So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
Whatever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence.—These are the words—I
I have the letter here. Yes—here it is. [think.
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
[Reading.]

*Whether for east or west. The dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,*

* We will learn what he is to do, besides going him-
self, what are his powers, and what is his appointment.
Johnson.

*And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent. Most likely 'tis for you.
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field.
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission, hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli;
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Caius Marcius's House in Rome.

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; they sit down on
low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express your-
self in a more comfortable sort. If my son were

my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak *. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed thou shalt not.

Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum;
I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him.
Methinks I see him stamp thus, [*stamping.*] and
call thus——

Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,

* The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. *Johnson.*

Though ye were born in Rome : his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow? Oh, Jupiter, no blood!—

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending. Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.]*

Vir. Heav'ns bless my Lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam—

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship—

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your Ladyship. Well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son. I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' Wednesday half an hour together—H'as such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; and caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery. I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

V O L. VIII.

P

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience. I'll not over the threshold 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fy, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will with her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope. Yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses's absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam——

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is—The Volicians have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, Lady. As she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet Lady. Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, not a word, Madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Walls of Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Cor. Yonder comes news. A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Cor. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Cor. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They ly in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Cor. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell nor give him. Lend him you I will,

For half an hundred years.—Summon the town.

Cor. How far off ly these armies?

Mess. Within a mile and half.

Cor. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he *,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drum afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,
Rather than they should pound us up; our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you; far off

[Alarum far off.]

There is Aufidius. List what work he makes
Among your cloven army.

Cor. Oh, they are at it!—

* The sense requires it to be read,
—nor a man but fears you less than he.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volscians.

Cor. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts;
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscian,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.]

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Marcius.

Cor. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of——boils and
plagues

Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile!—You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind. Backs red, and faces pale,
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you. Look to't, come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum, and Marcius follows them to
the gates.*

So now the gates are ope. Now prove good seconds;
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates.]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. *[He is shut in.]*
[Alarum continues.]

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapt to their gates. He is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!
Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Mar-
cius——

A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish*; not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were fev'rous, and did tremble.

Enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, Sir——

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius.
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

Enter certain Romans with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Cor. See here these movers, that do prize their
honours

* Plutarch, in the life of Coriolanus, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. *Theobald.*

At a crack'd drachm; cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with
them.

And hark what noise the general makes!—To
him;——

There is a man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans. Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Cor. Sir, praise me not.
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.

T' Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Cor. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius.

—Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Roman Camp.

Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought.
We are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,

By interims and conveying gifts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman Gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
tring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice ! Thy news ?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle.
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

Mes. Above an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile. Briefly we heard their
drums.

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news so late ?

Mes. Spies of the Volscians
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about ; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were fled ? O Gods !
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Cor. Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabour,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Cor. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Cor. Oh ! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,

How is't with Titus Lartius?

Cor. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Ev'n like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Cor. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen—
The common file; a plague!—Tribunes for them!
The mouse ne'er shun'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Cor. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to won our purpose.

Cor. How lyes their battle? Know you on what
They've plac'd their men of trust? [side

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Cor. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates,
And that you not delay * the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour——

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

* Delay for let slip. Warburton.

Cor. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here,
As it were sin to doubt, that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or many, if so minded,
Wave thus, t' express his disposition,
And follow Marcius, *[Waving his hand.]*

*[They all shout, and wave their swords, take him
in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

Oh! me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscians? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obeyed. Please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd †.

Com. March on, my fellows.
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E X.

Changes to Corioli.

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli,
going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius
and Caius Marcius; enter with a Lieutenant, other
Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So let the ports be guarded. Keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those sentries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

† Perhaps the poet wrote,
And to I shall quickly draw out my command. Revisal.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's.
Our guider, come! To the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Changes to the Roman Camp.

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius at several doors.

Cor. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate
Worse than a promise-breaker. [thee]

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Cor. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the Gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Cor. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd. For thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

[*Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights, till they be driven in breathless.*]

Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door Cominius with the Romans, at another door Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend and shrug;
If th' end admire: where ladies shall be frighted,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
Tribunes,
That with the fusty Plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts,—*We thank the Gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*——
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his Power from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison.
Hadst thou beheld——

Cor. Pray now no more. My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood †,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:
Induc'd as you have been; that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traduceiment,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Cor. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Cor. I thank you, General,
But cannot make my heart consent to take

† A privilege to praise her own son. *Johnson.*

A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius, Marcius!
cast up their caps and launces: Cominius and
Lartius stand bare.*]

Cor. May these same instruments which you profane
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
In th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made
An overture for the wars!—No more, I say.
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which, without note
Here's many else have done, you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More chaf'd to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Bear the addition nobly ever.

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*]

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all time
To undercrest your good addition †
To th' fairness of my power.

† A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would
endeavour to support his good opinion of him. *Warb.*

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our successes. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back; send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my Lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me.
I, that but now refus'd most princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.

Com. Take it. 'Tis yours. What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot.——

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to the Camp of the Volsci.

*A flourish. Cornet. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody,
with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volscian, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I'th' part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,

V O L. VIII.

Q

I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me,
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour,
poison'd

With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself: not sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times, nor sacrifice,
Embarrments all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove.

I pray you,

('Tis south the city-mills), bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

R O M E.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.

Menenius.

THE augur tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed that lives like a lamb. You are two old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir.——

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange, now. Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city; I mean, of us o' th' right-hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why,—how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures, at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single ; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride—oh that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks *, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! Oh that you could !

Bru. What then, Sir ?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't ; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint ; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion ; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, I cannot call you Lycurgusses. If the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your Worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the *als* in compound with the major part of your syllables ; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too ? what harm can your biffon † conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too ?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing ; you are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and

* With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. *Johnson.*

† *Biffon*, blind. *Theobald.*

legs : you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fof-fet-feller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience †. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber of the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud, who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius stand aside.*]

S C E N E II.

As Menenius is going out, enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

† It appears from this whole speech that Shakespeare mistook the office of *Præfectus urbis* for the Tribune's office. *Warl.*

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches. For the love of Juno let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee †.
—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the State hath another, his wife another, and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night. A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain; there's a letter for you; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health, in which time I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but emperic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh, no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded; I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much. Brings a' victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius. He comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time to him too, I'll warrant him that. If he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he

† Menenius throws up his cap into the air, as a token of his exultation,—and offers to Jupiter his cap, being the first thing that came to hand, as an acknowledgment of his protection of the republic. *Revised.*

gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw.——

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded?—God save your good Worships. [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home. He has more cause to be proud—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' th' shoulder and i' th' left arm. There will be large cicatrices to shew the people when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven. Every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout and flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth ly, Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

S C E N E III.

Trumpets sound Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli's gates, where he hath won,

With fame, a name to Caius Marcius.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this. It does offend my heart.
Pray, now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother.——

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels*]

Vol. Nay, my good foldier, up.

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd;
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?
But oh, thy wife.——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Would'it thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my sweet Lady, pardon.
[*To Valeria*]

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! and y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could
weep,

And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy.——Wel-
come!

A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.—You are three
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!

We call a nettle but a nettle; and

The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius? Ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them, change of honours *.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy; only there's one
thing wanting,
Which I doubt not but our Rome will cast upon
thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in state, as before.*

S C E N E IV.

Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacted to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture † lets her baby cry,
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complections; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him; feld-shown Flamins
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses; such a pothor,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him,
Were sily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

* *i. e.* variety of honours. *Warburton.*

† *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit,
simply. *Warburton.*

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little question,
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. Oh, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' th' gentry,
And the desire o' th' nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like. He will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burdens, and fore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,

As to set dogs on sheep, will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You're sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul; I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Offic. Come, come, they are almost here. How
many stand for consulships?

2 Offic. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every
one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Offic. That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Offic. 'Faith there have been many great men
that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them;
and there be many that they have loved, they
know not wherefore; so that, if they love they
know not why, they hate upon no better a ground.
Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether
they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge
he has in their disposition, and out of his
noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

1 Offic. If he did not care whether he had their
love or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing

them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Offic.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who have been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Offic.* No more of him, he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Licitors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul; Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscians, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire [you,
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius;
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,

Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' th' people,
We do request your kindest ear; and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body *,
To yield what passës here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour, and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off.
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But ty him not to be their bed-fellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.

I Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say, how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth not, therefore hurt not; but your people,
I love them as they weigh.—

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'
th' sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolan.*

* Your kind interposition with the common people.
Johnson.

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver; if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' th' consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd the best man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' th' garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home; he stop'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stern. His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; when straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did

Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours *

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' th' world; he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend his time to end it †.

Men. He's right noble.

Let him be call'd for.

Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Offic. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to th' people.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrages.
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

* That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal to any elevation. *Johnson*

† The last words of Cominius's speech are altogether unintelligible. Shakespeare, I suppose, wrote the passage thus,

——and is content
To spend his time——

Men. To end it, he's right noble.

Warburton.

Men. Put them not to't. Pray, fit you to the custom,
And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,—
Shew them th' unaking scars which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't.
—We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpose. To them, and to our noble consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish cornet. Then exeunt.*]

Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here. On th' market place
I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once *, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but

* Once, here, means the same as when we say, *once for
all.* Johnson.

it is a power that we have no power to do†; for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly, I think if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly East, West, North, South; and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all points o' th' compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks—You may, you may—

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I

† The sense is, We have indeed a power by law to do it, if we think proper; but this power amounts to the same as no power at all, because we should offer the greatest violence to our natures if we should exert it.

Revisal.

say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single hour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known the worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,—my wounds——

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em.

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you. Pray you speak to them, I pray you,

In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir. 'Twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' th' consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray, let me ha't. I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, Sir. What say you?

Both Cit. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir. There's in all two worthy voices begg'd. I have your alms. Adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again.——But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt.*]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul. I have here the customary gown.

1 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?——

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends. You have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, Sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

2 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices——

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needful voucher? Custom calls me to't——
What custom wills in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would ly unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd,
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.

Your voices—for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd; battles thrice six
I've seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more. Your
voices.

Indeed I would be consul.

1 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2 Cit. Therefore let him be consul. The Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul.
[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've flood your limitation, and the Tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains
That in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd;
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Cor. and Men.*]

S C E N E VIII.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this
man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods he may deserve your
loves!

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not
mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully. He should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he'd wounds, which he could shew
in private;

And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he : *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore. When we granted that,
 Here was—*I thank you for your voices—thank you—*
Your most sweet voices—now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this
 mockery ?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see't,
 Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
 To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him
 As you were lesson'd ; when he had no power,
 But was a petty servant to the state,
 He was your enemy ; still spake against
 Your liberties, and charters that you bear
 I' th' body of the weal ; and now arriving
 At place of potency, and sway o' th' state,
 If he should still malignantly remain
 Fast foe to the plebeians, your voices might
 Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
 That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
 Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature
 Would think upon you for your voices, and
 Translate his malice tow'rds you into love,
 Standing your friendly Lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
 As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
 And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature ;
 Which easily endures not article
 Tying him to aught ; so putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves ; and do you think
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your
 bodies

No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I, twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends
They've chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble,
And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate to you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd, no impediment between,
But that you must cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him more after our com-
mandment,
Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather must do, than what you should do,
Made you against the grain to voice him consul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures
to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house of Marcius; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,

Who, after great Hostilius, here was King;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so for twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor *.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so. Almost all
Repent in their election. *[Exeunt Plebeians.]*

Bru. Let them go on.
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger †.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' th' people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own
Which we have goaded onward. *[Exeunt.]*

* Plutarch, in his account of the Marcian family, enumerates the several great men who had sprung from it; in which list stand Publius Marcius and Quintus Marcius, and Censorinus; who, though they liv'd before Plutarch, came after Coriolanus. Shakespeare therefore, by copying Plutarch too closely and hastily, hath fallen into this inadvertency, of making a cotemporary with Coriolanus mention the men who lived long after him.

† Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity which his hasty anger will afford us. *Johnson.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A public Street in Rome.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscians stand but as at first, Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse Against the Volscians, for they had so vilely Yielded the town. He is retir'd to Antium,

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword; That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth! I do despise
For they do prank them in authority [them;

Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah! what is that!

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on. No further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens' voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way. He shall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
Have you not set them on? [teeth?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot.

The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike

Each way to better yours *.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,

* *i. e.* likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose business it is) will do.

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd, set on. This pal-
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus [tring †
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' th' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again——

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will.

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons :
But for the mutable rank-scented many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themselves; I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more——

Sen. No more words, we beseech you——

Cor. How!—no more!

Sen. As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' th' people as you were a god.
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

† That is, this trick of dissimulation, this shuffling.

Johnson.

Sic. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Men. What, what, his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain?

Hear you this Triton of the minnows *? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon †.

Cor. *Shall*!

O good but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave but reckless Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' th' monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance ‡; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You're plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs ||. They chuse their magistrate!

* *i. e.* small fry.. Warbarton.

† Was contrary to the established rule; it was a
form of speech to which he has no right. Johnson.

‡ The sense is, Then let your ignorance of your true
interests, which permitted it, stoop to him. *Revisal.*

|| These lines may, I think, be made more intelli-
gible by a very slight correction.

—they, no less [than senators]

When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Must palate theirs.

When the taste of the great, the patricians, must palate,
must please [or must try] that of the plebeians. Johnson.

There seems to me no need of emendation. The
meaning is, That senators and plebeians are equal,
when the highest taste is best pleased with that which
pleases the lowest. Stevens.

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece ! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base ; and my soul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well—On to th' market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' th' store-house *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed [power ;
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice ?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthy than their voice. They know the corn
Was not our recompence ; resting assur'd
They ne'er did service for't ; being press'd to th' war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates : this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn *gratis*. Being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation,
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation Well, what then ?
How shall this bosom-multiplied digest
The Senate's courtesy ? let deeds express
What's like to be their words—*We did request it—*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears ; which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles ——

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more ;
 What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wis-
 Cannot conclude but by the yea and no [dom,
 Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 T' unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
 You that will be less fearful than discreet,
 That love the fundamental part of State
 More than you doubt the change of't ; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To vamp a body with a dangerous physick,
 That's sure of death without ; at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment *, and bereaves the State
 Of that integrity which should become it ;
 Not having power to do the good it would,
 For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despight o'erwhelm thee !—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' th' dust.

Bru. Manifest treason——

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho ! Let him be apprehended.
 [Ædiles enter.

* That is, The diminution of your authority de-
 prives true judgment, or wisdom, of that sway which
 it ought to bear in the commonwealth. *Revised.*

Sic. Go, call the people, in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to th' public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

[*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*]

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

S C E N E II.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace. Stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near, I cannot speak.—You Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; speak, Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people.—Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune. Peace. Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late ye nam'd for consul.

Men. Fy, fy, fy.

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates?

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

All Pleb. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word —

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock.

[*Coriolanus draws his sword.*]

Cor. No; Ill die here.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword. Tribunes, with-
draw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius; help you that be noble, help
him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*]

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the people are beat in.*]

S C E N E III.

Men. Go, get you to your house. Be gone away,

All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore

You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they
are not,

Though calved in the porch o' th' Capitol.

Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another *.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself take up a brace o' th' best
of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd fool'ry, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone;

I'll try if my old wit be in request

With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come away. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Com.*]

S C E N E IV.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder; his heart's his mouth;

* The sense is, If we give way now, our present moderation will intitle us to expect a more favourable opportunity, when we may be able to set every thing right again. *Revival.*

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in Tiber.—What
the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands. He hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall, be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir,——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry *havoc*, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults——

Sic. Consul?——What consul?

Men. The Consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good peo-
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two; [*ple,*
The which shall turn you to no other harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch

This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Tow'rds her deserving children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam,
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,
Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath
By many an ounce, he drop'd it for his country ;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Sic. This is clean kam *.

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Sic. The service of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unskann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Ty leaden pounds t' its heels. Proceed by process,
Lest parties, as he is belov'd, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If 'twere so——

Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience,
Our Ædiles smote, ourselves resisted ? Come——

Men. Consider this ; he hath been bred t' th' wars

* i. e. this is quite awry. Warburton.

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
—Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
Where if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,

Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels, [*me*]
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads

In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. [To Vol.] I talk of you;
Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me
False to my nature? rather say I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go——

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, some-
thing too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd,
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better 'vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit of the times craves it as physic
For the whole State, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it for the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,

VOL. VIII.

T

But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by the other loses,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush——

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy, how is't less or worse,
That it should hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because it lyes on you to speak to th' people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such
words

That are but rooted in your tongue; though ba-
stards, and syllables

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,

Than to take in a town with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——

I would dissemble with my nature, where

My fortunes and my friends at stake required

I should do so in honour. I am in this

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles.—

And you will rather shew our general lowts *

How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard

Of what that want might ruin!

Men. Noble Lady!

—Come, go with us, speak fair. You may save so
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prythee now, my son,

Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand,

And thus far having stretch'd it, here be with them,

* Our common clowns. Johnson.

Thy knee bussing the stones; for in such business-
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant,
More learned than the ears; waving thy head *,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their foldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as she speaks, why all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd; although, I know, thou'dst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I've been i' th' market-place; and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence. All's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will.

—Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce †?
Must my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot ‡ to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,

* ———waving thy hand,

Which soften thus, correcting thy stout heart. Warb.

† The suppliants of the people used to present them-
selves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. Johnson.

‡ i. e. piece, portion. Warburton.

And throw't against the wind. To th' market-place!

You've put me now to such a part, which never I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast My praises made thee first a soldier, so, [said,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't.

Away, my disposition; and possess me,
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin's voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,—
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then.

To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death.
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list:
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content.

Mother, I'm going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.

[Exit Volum.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you. Arm
Yourself to answer mildly; for they're prepar'd

With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, *mildly*.—Pray you let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.—[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannic power : if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither ;
And when they hear me say, It shall be so,
I' th' right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry *Fine* ; if death, cry *Death* ;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' th' truth of the cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd,

Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaf't, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with
others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume.—The honour'd
Gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you,
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Lift to your tribunes. Audience; peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this pre-
Must all determine here? [sent?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content.
The warlike service he has done consider;

Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' th' holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briers, scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy. You——

Com. Well, well; no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then. 'Tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take
From Rome all season'd office *, and to wind
Yourself unto a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How? traitor?——

Men. Nay, temperately. Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To the rock with him.

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge;
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him, even this

* All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. *Johnson.*

So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?——

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you——

Cor. I'll know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, fleeing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has,

As much as in him lyes, from time to time
Envy'd against the people; seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Giv'n hostile strokes, and that not * in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we,
Ev'n from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome's gates. I' th' people's name,
I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away.
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends——

Sic. He's sentenc'd. No more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,

* Not is here used for not only. Revisal,

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd.
As enemy to the people and his country. [*nish'd.*
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air; I banish you:
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair: have the power still
To banish your defenders, 'till at length,
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own enemies deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising then,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere——

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come, let us see him out at the gates;
come.

The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Coriolanus.

Come, leave your tears. A brief farewell. The
beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves.

A noble cunning †. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pry'thee, woman——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
And occupations perish! [Rome,

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime General,
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld

† The sense is, when Fortune strikes her hardest
blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires
a generous policy. *Johnson.*

Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly, though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your
 Will or exceed the common, or be caught [son
 With cautelous baits and practice*.

Vol. My first son,
 Where will you go? take good Cominius
 With thee a while. Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth -
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well.
 Thou'st years upon thee, and thou art too full
 Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at gate.
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still, and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily,
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From those old arms and legs, by the good Gods
 I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

* By artful and false tricks and treason. *Johnson.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home. He's gone; and we'll no further.

Vex'd are the nobles, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us. Keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met.

The hoarded plague o' th' Gods requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear——

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[To Brutus.]

Vir. to Sicin.] You shall stay too. I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool. Is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?——

Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words,

And for Rome's good—I'll tell thee what—Yet go—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Virg. What then? he'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had!—'Twas you incens'd the rabble;

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heav'n
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.

You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son
This Lady's husband here; this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.

I wish the gods had nothing else to do

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home.

And, by my troth, have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament, as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come.

Men. Fy, fy, fy!

[*Exeunt.*]

VOL. VIII.

U

S C E N E III.

*Changes to Antium.**Enter a Roman and a Volscian.*

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me.
Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Volf. It is so, Sir. Truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, but my services are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet.

Volf. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Volf. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appear'd * by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state to find you out there. You have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There have been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

Volf. Hath been! is it ended then? our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing, I can tell you; and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Volf. Coriolanus banish'd!

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Volf. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have

* I should read,——*is well appear'd*; that is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our author. *Johnson.*

heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Volf. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Volf. A most royal one. The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Volf. You take my part from me, Sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City, 'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not, Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Aufidius lyes: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir. Farewell. [*Exit Cit.*
Oh, world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast-sworn,

Whose double bosom seems to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,

And inter-join their issues. So with me;—
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's town I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here?
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus!

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but
I appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you. Pray, go to
the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in
being Coriolanus. [*Aside.*

Enter second Servant.

2 Ser. Whence are you, Sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out,

Cor. Away!—

2 Ser. Away?—Get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What fellow's this?

1 Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on. I cannot get him out o' th' house. Pr'ythee call my master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station, here's no place for you. Pray you avoid. Come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.]

3 Ser. What, will you not? pr'ythee tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall. *[Exit second Serving-man.]*

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Ser. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I' th' city of kites and crows.

3 Ser. I' th' city of kites and crows? What an ass it is! then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Ser. How, Sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service than to meddle

with thy mistress. Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve
with thy trencher. Hence. [*Beats him away.*]

Enter Aufidius with a Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Ser. Here, Sir. I'd have beaten him like a
dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou?
thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, yet thou know'st me not, and,
seeing me,

Do not yet take me for the man I am,
Necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to Volscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what is thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't. Though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou
me yet?

Auf. I know thee not. Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me; only that name re-
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world

I'd have avoided thee ; but in mere spite
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee : for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd ; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice ;
Which not to cut would shew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou'st spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak to me things divine,
And say, 'tis true, I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters. Here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou, first,
I lov'd the maid I married ; never man
Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loss my arm for't. Thou hast beat me out

Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy, and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ingrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood, o'erbear. O come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by th' hands,
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt
 have

The leading of thy own revenges, take
 One half of my commission, and set down
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own
 ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in.
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy:

Yet, Marcius, that was much—Your hand; most
 welcome!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter two Servants.

1 Ser. Here's a strange alteration.

2 Ser. By my hand I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me; his
 clothes made a false report of him.

1 Ser. What an arm he has! he turn'd me about
 with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up
 a top.

2 Ser. Nay, I knew by his face that there was

something in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so; looking as it were—'would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my master?

1 *Ser.* Nay, 'tis no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six of him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a Roman of all nations. I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Ser.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Ser.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends. He was ever too hard for him: I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't. Before Corioli he scotch'd him and noch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy news ———

3 *Ser.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end

o' th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands *, and turns up the white o' th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome-gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Ser. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Ser. Do't! he will do't. For look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durst not, look you, Sir, shew themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 Ser. Directitude! what's that?

3 Ser. But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Ser. But when goes this forward?

3 Ser. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Ser. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Ser. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking; audible, and full of vent †. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 Ser. 'Tis so; and as war in some sort may be

* Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. *Johnson.*

† Full of *rumour*; full of materials for *discourse*. *Johnson.*

said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* 'Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.

They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A public Place in Rome.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him.

His remedies are tame i' th' present peace,
And quietness o' th' people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here he makes his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O he is grown most kind
of late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, but
with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand,
and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better
if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing.

His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all; good-e'en to you all.

i Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours:

We wish'd Coriolanus had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' th' war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volscians with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lyes before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were in-shell'd when Marcius stood for
And durst not once peep out. [*Rome,*

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius!

Bru. Go see this rumourer whip'd. It cannot be
The Volscians dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been

Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes. His raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mess. Yes, worthy Sir,

The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a pow'r 'gainst Rome ;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely ! —

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and Aufidius can no more atone *,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the Senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

* To atone is to unite, to be reconciled. *Revised.*

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?

You've made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be joined with the Volscians,—

Com. If? He is their god, he leads them like a
thing

Made by some other deity than Nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men, that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work!

Eru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds; his best friends, if they

Shou'd say, *Be good to Rome*, they charge him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease*. You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like
beasts,

And coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' th' city.

Com. But I fear.

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence
That Rome can make against them.

S C E N E VII.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.——

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said *banish him*, I said 'was pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did

very many of us. That we did, we did for the best ; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things. You, voices !—

Men. You have made good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol ?

Com. Oh, ay, what else ? [*Excunt.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us. Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said we were i' th' wrong when
we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all ; but come, let's home.

Bru. I do not like this news. [*Excunt Citizens.*

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. 'Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie !

Sic. Pray let us go. [*Excunt Tribunes.*

S C E N E VIII.

A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him : yet his nature
In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,

I mean, for your particular, you had not
Join'd in commission with him, but had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First, he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man, whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Whereof he was the Lord, or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these,
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd. But he has merit
To choke it in the utterance*; to our virtues
Ly in th' interpretation of the time;

* He has merit for no other purpose than to destroy it
by boasting it. *Johnson.*

And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler, strengths by strengths do
fail †.

Come, let's away. When Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou'rt poor't of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public Place in Rome.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
with others.*

Menenius.

NO, I'll not go. You hear what he hath said
Which was some time his General, who lov'd
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father; [him
But what o' that? Go you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' th' fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so. You've made good work;
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!

† I read,

Rights by rights founder, strengths by strengths do fail.

That is, by the exertion of one right another is lamed.

Johnson.

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well,
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His answer to me was;
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too. we are the grains;
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient; if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome tow'rds Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return'd me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts me,
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore I'll watch
'Till he be dieted to my request, [him
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall * ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold †; his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother and his wife
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Volscian Camp.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 Watch. Stay. Whence are you?

2 Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men. 'Tis well. But, by
I am an officer of state, and come [your leave,
To speak with Coriolanus.

* You shall. *Revisal.*

† I conceive the poet probably might have written,

I tell you he does sit engoal'd;

That is, he is surrounded with the Volscian chiefs, as if
he were their prisoner, so that there is no getting at any
private conference with him. *Ibid.*

1 Watch. Whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return; our
Will no more hear from thence. [General

2 Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire;
You'll speak with Coriolanus. [before

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.

1 Watch. Be it so, go back; the virtue of your
Is not here passable. [name

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy General is my lover; I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 Watch. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many
lies in his behalf as you have utter'd words in your
own, you should not pass here; no, though it were
as virtuous to lie as to live chastly. Therefore go
back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius; always factionary of the party of your
General.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, as
you say you have, I am one that, telling true un-
der him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go
back.

Men. Has he din'd, can't thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate Rome, as he does.
Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates
the very defender of them, and, in a violent popu-

lar ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemned, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

Watch. Come; my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

Watch. My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, that's the utmost of your having. Back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you. You shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack-gardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus; guess but * my entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not i' th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering. Behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! Oh, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee, but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.——

* Guess by my entertainment, &c. *Johns.*

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others. Though I owe
My revenge properly, remission lyes
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate Forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than Pity note how much.—Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives him a letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word. Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou beholdst—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 Watch. Now, Sir, is your name Menenius?

3 Watch. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power.
You know the way home again.

1 Watch. Do you hear how we are silent for keeping
your Greatness back?

2 Watch. What cause do you think I have to
swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your General.
For such things as you I can scarce think
there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to
die by himself, fears it not from another; let your
General do his worst. For you, be what you are
long, and your misery increale with your age! I say
to you as I was said to, Away—

1 Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 Watch. The worthy fellow is our General. He's
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt Watch.*

S C E N E III.

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,

You must report to th' Volscian lords how plainly
I've borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected; stopt
Your ears against the general suit of Rome;
Never admitted private whisper, no,
Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love I have,
Though I shew'd sow'rly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept; to grace him only,
That thought he could do more, a very little
I've yielded to. Fresh embassy and suits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to—Ha! what shout is this!

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not——

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius,
with Attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate

[Virgilia courtesies.]

What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows,

[Volumnia bows.]

As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries,—*Deny not.* Let the Volscians
Plough Rome and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My Lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You Gods! I prate;
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' th' earth;

[*Kneels.*]

Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*]

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

[*Pointing to Valeria.*]

Cor. The noble sister of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!—

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

[*Shewing young Marcius.*]

Which by th' interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The God of soldiers,

VOL. VIII.

Y

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more.
You've said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already. Yet we will ask,
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscians, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-
ment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out: and to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,

Alas! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we're bound? together with thy victory,
 Whereto we're bound? Alack! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An eminent calamity, tho' we had
 Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thorough our street; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
 These wars determine. If I can't persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb
 That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine too,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
 I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I've sat too long.——

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volscians whom you serve, you might con-
 demn us,

As poisonous of your honour. No; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volscians
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
 Give the all hail to thee; and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses:

Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son.
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive a oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the
world

More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' stocks. Thou'st never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away.
Down, Ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To's sir-name Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down, down; and end;
This is the last. So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship;
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch.
I'm huff'd until our city be a-fire;
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!—

[Holds her by the hands, silent.

What have you done? behold the heav'ns do ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to Rome;
But for your son—believe it, oh, believe it—
Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make advise me; for my part,
I'll not to Rome; I'll back with you; and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!—

Auf. I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriol.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you shall bear

[*To Vol. Virg. &c.*

A better witness back than words which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies*, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

* This speech, beginning at *Ladies, you deserve*—which is absurdly given to Coriolanus, belongs to Aufidius. For it cannot be supposed that the other, amidst all the disorder of violent and contrary passions, could be calm and disengaged enough to make so gallant a compliment to the ladies. *Warton.*

S C E N E IV.

*The Forum in Rome.**Enter Menenius and Sicinius.*

Men. See you yond coin o' th' Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house :

The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news. The ladies have prevail'd.

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome;
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire.
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates: Why, hark
you;

[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news.
I will go meet the Ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day:
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy!

[*Sound still, with the shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings;
Accept my thankfulness. [next,

Mess. Sir, we have all great cause to give great
thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the stage; with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome.
Call all our tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before
them;

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother.

Cry.—welcome, Ladies, welcome! [*Exeunt.*

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to a public Place in Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords o' th' city I am here;
Deliver them this paper; having read it
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs, and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
The city-ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends I' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.—Most
welcome!

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

1 Con. How is it with our General?

Auf. Ev'n so

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble Sir,
If yet you hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth ; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat ; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In mine own person ; holpe to reap the fame,
Which he did make all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
He wag'd me * with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord :
The army marvell'd at it ; and, at last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him ;
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action ; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.]

* This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he
prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his
countenance for my wages ; thought me sufficiently reward-
ed with good looks. *Johnson.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
Giving him glory. [tear,

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lyes along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more.
Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge *, making a treaty where
There was a yielding ; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours ;
the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords. I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and

* That is, rewarding us with our own expenses, making
the cost of the war its recompence. *Johanson.*

With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to th' Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' th' senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble Lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?

You Lords, and heads o' th' state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say, *your* city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' th' war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him; and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars!

Auf. Name not the god! thou boy of tears!—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!—
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I'm forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave
Lords,

Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion,
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating on his grave, shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.
Alone I did it. Boy!

Auf. Why, noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All. Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces; do it presently.

[The croud speak promiscuously.]

He kill'd my son,——my daughter,——kill'd my
cousin,——

He kill'd my father.——

2 Lord. Peace,—no outrage—peace——
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth*; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidius's, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword——

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[The conspirators all draw, and kill Mar-
cius; who falls, and Aufidius stands on
him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble Masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus——

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him——Masters all, be
Put up your swords. [quiet:]

Auf. My Lords, when you shall know, as in this
rage
Provok'd by him you cannot, the great danger

His fame overspreads the world. Johnson.

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarde
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up;
Help three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully.
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead
march sounded.**]

* The Tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most
amusing of our author's performances. The old man's
merriment in Menenius; the lofty Lady's dignity in Vo-
lumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician
and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian
malignity, and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sici-
nius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the
various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind
with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps too much bustle
in the first act, and too little in the last. *Johnson.*

JULIUS CAESAR



JULIUS CÆSAR.



Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.
M. ANTONY,	
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,	
CICERO.	
BRUTUS,	} Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
CASSIUS,	
CASCA,	
TREBONIUS,	
LIGARIUS,	
DECIUS BRUTUS,	
METELLUS CIMBER,	
CINNA,	} Senators
POPILIUS LÆNA,	
PUBLIUS, .	
FLAVIUS,	} Tribunes, and enemies to Cæsar.
MARULLUS,	
MESSALA,	} Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
TITINIUS,	
ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos.	
A Soothsayer.	
Young CATO.	
CINNA, a Poet.	
Another Poet.	
LUCILIUS,	} Servants to Brutus.
DARDANIUS,	
VOLUMNIUS,	
VARRO,	
CLITUS,	
CLAUDIUS,	
STRATO,	
LUCIUS,	
PINDARUS, servant of Cassius.	
Ghost of JULIUS CÆSAR.	
Cobler.	
Carpenter.	
Other Plebeians.	
CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.	
PORCIA, wife to Brutus.	
Guards and Attendants.	

*SCENE, for the three first Acts, at Rome; afterwards at an
isle near Mintina; at Sardis; and Philippi.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures. Get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

—You, Sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad foals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's

matters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up the walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone——

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for that fault

Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lower stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
 This way will I. Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies *.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter: Let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about;
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers, pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who-else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the course, Calphurnia,
 Porcia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca,
 a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia——

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia——

Calp. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius—

Ant. Cæsar. My Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say
 The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
 Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When Cæsar says *do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar,——

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still. Peace! yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

* Ceremonies for religious ornaments. Warburton.

I hear a tongue shriller than all the music
Cry, Cæsar. Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Casca. Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him. Pass.

[*Sennet* *. *Excunt Cæsar and Train.*]

S C E N E III.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome ; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late ;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,

* I have here inserted the word *sennet* from the original edition, that I may have an opportunity of retracting a hasty conjecture in one of the marginal directions in *Henry VIII.* (VII. 40.). *Sennet* appears to be a particular tune or mode of martial music. *Johnson.*

Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just ;

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
When many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes—

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every now protester † ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout ; then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

† To invite every new protester to my affection by the
stale or allurements of customary oaths. *Johnson.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Chuse Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour, more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
"Leap in with me into this angry flood,
"And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar; and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain ;
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake ; 'tis true, this god did shake ;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan ;
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cry'd—"Give me some drink, Titinius"—
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cæs. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some times are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be founded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd ;
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls incompass'd but one man ?
 Now it is Rome indeed ; and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cæs. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. But look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret* and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cæs. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,——

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. to Ant. apart.] Let me have men about me
that are fat,

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights;
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

* A ferret has red eyes. *Johnson.*

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæf. 'Would he were fatter. But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exit Cæsar and his Train.]

S C E N E V.

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak. Would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him, and
being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
hand thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Casf. They shouted thrice: what was the last
cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every put-
ting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;——yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;——and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chop'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you. What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. An' I had been a man of any occupation *, if I would not have taken him

* Had I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat. *Johnson.*

at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, *If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity.* Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good. I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell both. [Exit.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution. Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you. To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cæs. I will do so. Till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me*. I will, this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Calpurnia, his sword drawn; and Cicero meeting him.

Cic. Good even, Calpurnia. Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Calpurnia. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

* i. e. If Brutus and I were to change situations,—
Cæsar should not, by the demonstrations of his friendship and affection, cajole me out of my principles.

Seward.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put up my sword,
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons; they are natural;
For I believe they are portentious things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed it is a strange-dispos'd time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth: for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good, Cassius; what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heav'n, I did present myself
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these glideing ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find
That Heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal actions; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes * and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:

* Muscles, sinews, bodily strength. *Theobald.*

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then.
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, oh grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man,
That is no stealing tell-tale. Hold my hand :
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous consequence ;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets;
 And the complection of the elements
 In favour's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one
 in haste.

Casf. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that, Metellus
 Cimber?

Casf. No, it is Casca, one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Casf. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O Cassius! if you could
 But win the noble Brutus to our party——

Casf. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
 paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax
 Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Casf. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
 See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O he sits high in all the people's hearts;
 And that, which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchymy,
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Casf. Him, and his worth, and our great need
 of him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go.
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Brutus's Garden.

Enter Brutus.

Brutus.

WHAT, Lucius ! ho !——
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day——Lucius, I say !
—I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say : what, Lu-
cius !

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death ; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd ;
How that might change his nature, there's the ques-
tion.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him—that—
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : and to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof *,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,

* Common experiment. *Johnson.*

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir :
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up : and I am sure
It did not ly there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bro. Look in the calendar; and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself:

Shall Rome, — speak, strike, redrefs.

Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake.

Such instigations have been often drop'd,

Where I have took them up :

Shall Rome—thus must I piece it out,

“ Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? what !
Rome ?

" My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

"The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king."

Speak, strike, redress,——am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocks within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks.

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluckt about their
And half their faces buried in their cloaks; [ears,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, Conspi-
Hide it in smiles and affability: [racy;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on *,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

* If thou walk in thy true form. *Johnson.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

[Aside.

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? *[They whisper.*

Dec. Here lyes the east: doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both de-
ceiv'd:

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our soul, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed ;
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
 'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redreis ? what other bond
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter ? and what other oath
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath ; when ev'ry drop of blood
 That ev'ry Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? shall we sound him ?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him ; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not ; let us not break with
 For he will never follow any thing [him ;
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd : I think it is not meet
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,

Should out-live Cæsar : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver : and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood :
O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! but alas !
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds,
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which, so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him ;

For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself ; take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three,

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

If Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies *.
 It may be these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that ; if he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'erstay him ; for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does, being then most flattered.
 Let me work ;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him,

Bru. By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost ; and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him :
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's. We'll leave
 you, Brutus ;
 And, friends ! disperse yourselves ; but all remember
 What you have said, and shew yourselves true Ro-
 mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
 Let not our looks put on our purposes † ;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy.
 And so good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*]

* By *fantasy* is meant ominous forebodings ; and by
ceremonies, atonements of the gods by means of religious
 rites and sacrifices. *Warb.*

† i. e. show our designs. *Johnson.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep. It is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy due of slumber.
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

S C E N E III.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Porcia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
It is not for your health thus to commit [now?
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stol'n from my bed; and, yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insist'd; yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wife, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Porcia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
 I charm you by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Porcia.

Por. I should not need if you were gentle, Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? am I yourself,
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, consort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the sub-
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, [urbs
 Porcia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
 I grant I am a woman; but withal [secret,
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman well-reputed Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.
 Hark, hark, one knocks : Porcia, go in a while ;
 And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows. ———
 Leave me with haste. [Exit Porcia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks ?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Cai. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave
 Caius,

To wear a kerchief ? 'would you were not sick !

Cai. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you an healthful ear to hear it.

Cai. By all the gods the Romans bow before,
 I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible ;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men
 whole.

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make
 sick ?

Bru. That we must also. What it is, my Caius,
 I shall unfold to thee as we are going
 To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,

And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,

To do I know not what : but it sufficeth

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Cæsar's Palace.**Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.*

Cæs. Nor heav'n nor earth have been at peace
to-night;
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar." Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.**Serv.* My Lord——

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my Lord.*[Exit.**Enter Calphurnia.*

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk
You shall not stir out of your house to-day. *[forth?*

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threatned
me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen ;
The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurs ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[Exit Servant.]

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardise :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not ; Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he ;
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence :
Do not go forth to-day ; call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he will say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

S C E N E V.

Enter Décius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar ;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,

And tell them that I will not come to-day :
 Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
 I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar fend a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
 That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :

She dream'd last night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood : and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

These she applies for wardings and portents,

And evils imminent ; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;

It was a vision fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood, and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now, the Senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

" Break up the Senate 'till another time,

" When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

" Lo, Cæsar is afraid !"

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding * bids me tell you this :
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
I am ashamed I did yield to them. [phurnia ?
Give me my robe, for I will go. And, look

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cæsa, Trebo-
nius, Cinna, and Publius.*

Where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?

Good morrow, Cæsa. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is 't o' clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Tebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

Remember that you call on me to-day ;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—And so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further. [Asides

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon ! [Exeunt.

* Proceeding for advancement; establishment. Warb.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to a Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

Enter Porcia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
For he went sickly forth; and take good note [well,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o' clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady. If it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended
tow'rds him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death;
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *[Exit.]*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus! Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my Lord;
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before the Capitol, and the Capitol open.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæsar.

THE Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar. Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar. Mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done if this be known?

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back;

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant.

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;

For look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,

Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

VOL. VIII.

C c

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly curtesies
Might fire * the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children †. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon. Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament:

* Stir the blood. Warburton.

† The law of children. Johnson.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank *,
Unshak'd of motion †: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it ev'n in this.
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O Cæsar——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ‡?

Casca. Speak hands for me. [*They stab Cæs.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! tyranny is dead——

Run hence; proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of
Should chance—— [*Cæsar's*

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cæs. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed.
But we the doers.

* Perhaps, holds on his race; continues his course.

Johnson.

† Unshak'd of notion; i. e. steady in his sentiments and purposes. *Revisal.*

‡ I would read, Do not, Brutus, bootless kneel. *Johns.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Trebonius.**Cæs.* Where is Antony?*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd.Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doom's-day.*Bru.* Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.*Cæs.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop;
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth ev'n to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"*Cæs.* Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*]
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lyes along,
No worthier than the dust?*Cæs.* So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.*Dec.* What, shall we forth?*Cæs.* Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.*Enter a Servant.**Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:[*Kneeling.*]
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say,

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
 Say I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him;
 Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to ly in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
 friend.

Cæs. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

S C E N E III.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark
 Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou ly so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour: nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
 Now whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself to apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of death
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us :
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done ;
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear ;
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh, 'tis true ;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius——here waſt thou bay'd, brave-
hart;

Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand,
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy Lethe*.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, ſtricken by many princes,
Doſt thou here ly?

Cas. Mark Antony——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Caſſius:
The enemies of Cæſar ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Cas. I blame you not for praizing Cæſar ſo.
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends?
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was,
indeed,

Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæſar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons.
Why and wherein Cæſar was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe this were a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the ſon of Cæſar,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover ſuitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You ſhall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do; do not conſent

[*Aſide.*

That Antony ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

* ——crimſon'd in thy death. *Theob. Revival.*

Bru. By your pardon,
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death.
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission;
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall
 Have all due rites and lawful ceremonies:
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cæs. I know not what may fall. I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here; take you Cæsar's body:
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do't by our permission;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral: and you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended:

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men*;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

* ———line of men; i. e. human race. *Warburton.*

All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havoc* †, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O Cæsar! *[Seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lyes to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
 hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 —Lend me your hand.

[Exit with Cæsar's body.]

† A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havoc* was the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given. *Johnson.*

S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Forum.**Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with the Plebeians.**Pleb.* We will be satisfied. Let us be satisfied.*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.*Cassius,* go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.*1 Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.*2 Pleb.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.]**3 Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Be-
lieve me for mine honour, and have respect to mine
honour, that you may believe. Censure me in
your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may
the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,
any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Bru-
tus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then
that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæ-
sar, this is my answer: not that I lov'd Cæsar less,
but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæ-
sar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæ-
sar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar
lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I
rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but
as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears
for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his va-
lour, and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man?
 If any, speak; for him have I offended.
 Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman?
 If any, speak; for him have I offended.
 Who is here so vile, that will not love his country?
 If any, speak; for him have I offended.
 I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.

I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts
 Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house.
 With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen—

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
 And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
 Do grace to Cæsar's corps, and grace his speech
 Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony
 By our permission is allow'd to make.
 I do intreat you, not a man depart,
 Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick chair,
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans—

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me,
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me,
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his say-
 If thou consider rightly of the matter, [ings.
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a
 worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take
 the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than
 Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lyes he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 Pleb. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will. We will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O what would come of it?

4 Pleb. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 Pleb. They were traitors. Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 Pleb. They were villains, murderers. The will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compell me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corps of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 Pleb. You shall have leave.

4 Pleb. A ring; stand round.

1 Pleb. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Pleb. Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no.
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down;
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about—
 seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen—

1 *Pleb.* Peace there. Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him; we'll follow him; we'll
 die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny:
 They that have done this deed are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is,
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That give me public leave to speak of him;
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny—

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho. Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
 what.

Wherein has Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not, I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true—the will—Let's stay and hear the
 will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To ev'ry Roman citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

2 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
 On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt.—How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dream'd to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy;
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor?
Then to answer every man directly and

briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say—I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed. Directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir; truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck out his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, firebrands.

To Brutus, to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius's house,

And some to Casca's, some to Ligarius. Away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A small Island near Mutina *.*

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Antony.

THESE many then shall die. Their names are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

* A small island in the little river Rhenus, near Bononia. *Hammer.*

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony †.

Ant. He shall not live. Look, with a spot I
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octa. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be priek'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you's
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers stand'rous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought the treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius: and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,

† Mr Upton, in his *Critic. Observat.* p. 237, 238, hath
proved, that Lucius, and not Publius, is the person
here meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to
Mark Antony; and, in consequence, he concludes Shake-
peare wrote,

You are his *sister's son*, Mark Antony.

But whether the mistake proceeded from the poet,
the transcriber, or the printer, is uncertain. *Revisal.*

To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
 On abject orts, and imitations;
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things.— Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers; we must straight make head:
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
 And let us presently go sit in council, [out;
 How cover'd matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers:
 Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done undone; but if he be at hand
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
 But that my noble master will appear,
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius—

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
ter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*]

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I mine ene-
mies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly.—I do know you well.—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this,

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this;
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement! —

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions *.

Bru. Go to: you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret 'till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? by the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier; not a better.

Did I say, better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

* That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer
the offices which are at my disposal. *Johnson.*

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !——

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come Antony, and young Octavius, come ;
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;

Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast ; within a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
 better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

[*Embracing.*]

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A noise within.*]

Poet within. Let me go in to see the generals :
 There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
 They be alone.

Luc. within. You shall not come to them.

Poet within. Nothing but death shall slay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha—how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone. *[Exit Poet.]*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. *[Exeunt Luc. and Tit.]*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Porcia's dead.

Cas. Ha! Porcia!—

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong, (for with her
death

That tidings came), with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'erflow the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Oh Porcia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.——

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mess. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mess. That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?——

Mess. Cicero is dead;
And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mess. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mess. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mess. No, my Lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Porcia. We must die,
Messala.

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art * as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
Of marching to Philippi presently? [think

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy encreaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life

* Art for philosophy.

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then with your will go on; we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more. Good night.
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. Farewell, good Messala;
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls;
Let it not, Brutus!

Enter Lucius with the gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Mess. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. [*Exeunt.*]
Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily!
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!——

S C E N E VI.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, ly in my tent, and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; ly down, good Sirs: It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a-while, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might; I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again; I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Music and a song.*]
This is a sleepy tune.—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

—But let me see—is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading! Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous apparition!

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Then I shall see thee again. —

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. —

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs! awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he is still at his instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius, fellow! Thou! awake *!

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,

And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*]

* I read, Varro! awake! — Warburton.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Field of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octavius.

NOW, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn * us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew,
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you, but I will do so. [*March.*]

SCENE II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

* To warn seems to mean, here, the same as to alarm.
Johnson.

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words.

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingleless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too:

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar.

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bond-men, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! now, Brutus, thank yourself;

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never 'till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds

Be well aveng'd, or 'till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitor's hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope:

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such ho-
Join'd with a masker and a reveller. [nour,

Ant. Old Cassius still! ———

Octa. Come, Antony. Away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.*]

S C E N E III.

Cas. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and
swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My Lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion; now I change my mind;

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

Who to Philippi here consorted us;

This morning are they fled away and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lyes ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; (I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life); arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome.

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Ro-
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; [man,
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O that a man might
The end of this day's business ere it come! [know
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarm.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing;
A sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala. Let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony were all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord; fly further off.
Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius,
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again ev'n with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
—This day I breathed first; time is come round;
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Now, what news?

Pind. above.] Oh, my Lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is inclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Titinius! now some 'light—oh, he 'lights too—
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer. Here take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himself.*

Pind. So I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. Oh, Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?

Tit. He lyes not like the living. Oh my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala;

VOL. VIII.

F f

But Cassius is no more ! Oh, setting sun !
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
 The sun of Rome is set ! our day is gone ;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. [done.]

Mef. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child !
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not ? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ? Where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mef. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;
 For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
 As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit *Mef.*
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius !
 Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
 Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing. [shouts ?
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee ; and I
 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace ;
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 By your leave, Gods. This is a Roman's part.

[*Stabs himself.*

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*

S C E N E VI.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
 Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth this body ly ?

Mef. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarms.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look if he have not crown'd dead Cassius! —

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
Thou last of all the Romans! fare thee well.
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius,
and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
I will proclaim my name about the field. [*me?*]
I am the son of Marcus Cato. Ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
I am the son of Marcus Cato. Ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
Brutus, my country's friend. Know me for Brutus.
[*Exit.*]

Luc. Oh young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son*.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*]

* i. e. worthy of him. *Warb.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see if Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How ev'ry thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to another Part of the Field.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and
Volumnius.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cl. Statilius shew'd the torch-light; but, my Lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus—

[*Whispering.*

Cl. What, I, my Lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. I do such a deed!

Cl. Oh, Dardanius!

Dar. Oh, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius;

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi's fields.

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit; [*Alarm.*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that, our love of old, I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.

[*Alarm still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once: for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarm. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.—

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

I prythee, Strato, stay thou by thy Lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well,
my Lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,
Lucilius, and the Army.*

Octa. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy
master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus I will entertain them.
—Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my Lord, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Octa. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall ly,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes* *.]

• • Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated: but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakespear's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. *Johnson.*

END OF VOLUME EIGHTH.